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its O' order Breeze''




BY
EDWARD S. PETERSON
Mess Sgt., Co. B
1st N. D. Inf.



Bits o' Border Breeze



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We Dedicate

We have the Colonels—

We would not trade with you;—

We have the Majors—

Three big men and true;—

Captains,—Lieutenants,

Who know just what to do;

Noncoms, efficient,

Above them, very few;

But army!—No Sir!—

Without the private too—

Hard working private,

Soldier-man true blue—

So here's to you, sir!

Good-luck! Adieu!

“Old Glory”

Our Flag, and may we hold it,
Sacred and stainless still.
Our Flag, may we unfold it
And keep it from all ill;
And tho some nameless raiders
Defy its wondrous might,
May we, as true crusaders,
Swing new stars into light.

Sometime a Land's defiance
Will threaten its great sway;
No hyphens then,—alliance
True-blue will win the day;
For Commerce e'er aspires,
And Greed and Power will
With steel, demand desires,
And “notes” won't fill the bill.

Jan. 29th, 1917.

WITH HENRY—MAJOR HENRY

We're on the way to Mexico
With Henry, Major Henry.
You'll see the "greasers" run and go
From Henry, Major Henry;
And B and I and G and L—
The Companies that sure can yell,
Or fight, or frolic, or raise hell
With Henry, Major Henry.

We're on the way to Mercedes
With Henry, Major Henry.
We'll blow in there with some hot breeze,
And Henry, Major Henry;
And if she is not up to date,
The boys from North Dakota state
Will pepper her a fashion plate
With Henry,—Major Henry.

There's Abe and Ole, John and Hans
With Henry, Major Henry—
All looking for an early chance
With Henry, Major Henry,
To take the Texas border line
And move it where canal lights shine—
Raise high that Flag of yours and mine,
With Henry, Major Henry.

Two girls are racing with the train
And Henry, Major Henry,
Their dust blows high, they seem to gain
On Henry, Major Henry,
But their green auto is too slow,
We yell for them, but they'll soon know
We're swift Swedes bound for Mexico.
'Neath Henry,—Major Henry.

"IT NEVER RAINS IN TEXAS"

"It never rains in Texas":

That was the cry we heard
In Bismarck, where some rumors seemed
To "wise" boys most absurd;
But this was one that echoed
From street to street and tent,
And seemed to trail the semblance fair
Of Truth's pure element.

Alas, real soldiers cannot know
The weather man's strange freaks,
It has rained now most every day—
It hadn't rained for weeks;
And so the rumors strange to us—
Most weird and wild to all,
May be the ones that some day will
Most certainly befall.

And thus it is the rumor that
One day we would be paid,
Seemed reckless, silly, falsehood great—
The wildest on parade—
But—some day the sun must shine,
And flowers scent the air,
And soldiers draw real money with
The smile God's angels wear.

Oh, glory, glory, glory great,
For miracles come round
In these days as in days of old,
For N. D. boys have found
Not only pay—but "seconds," and
The bugle's notes don't vex as
They blow so sweet—"it never rains,"
But pours and pours in Texas.

"AMARCHING IN THE RAIN"

Above a far horizon,
Great clouds of dusky hue
Rose with a major menace
And leered on fields of dew,
When Colonel Fraine's battalions
From North Dakota found
The roadway to the river,
And hiked for alien ground.

Apurposing a distance
Longer than e'er before,
They swung by morning glories,
And a hut without a door,
When lo—the Colonel turning
Back to the Majors three,
Ordered a swift returning—
The sky loomed threateningly.

'Twas "right about," and then a shout
As silver spears of rain
Shot from the breastworks of the sky,
Brought dark hues in their train—
But just before the deluge raised
The "crab" cries of despair,
Big Major Henry raised the Flag,
For our Flag was still there.

And O, the mighty uplift, and
Much gumbo could not chain
The North Dakota regiment,
Amarching thru the rain—
Tho deeply soaked, and lifting
Two feet of earth each step,
They kept a'going forward
According to their "rep,"
And marched into their camp again
In good time and with "pep."

"THE FIRST BATTALION'S BUZZ"

You may have your splendid horses
Or your autos bright and big,
You may hypnotize the natives
In a peppy, snorting rig:
With your chauffer and your racer
You may rip an awful fuss—
But you never can be in it
With the "First Battalion's Buzz."

With "Soup Sewrey" to guide you
And the road to Mercedes
Free of licensed cars and wagons,
And a gentle Southern Breeze
Stealing from the Rio Grande,
You need never have to cuss,
For the dust is far behind you
In the "First Battalion's Buzz."

There are bigger, better engines;
There are names to conjure by;
There are famous makes of autos
That are luminous and high—
But the red name on our speeder
Is worth all the world to us,
And you bet we could af-Ford to
Paint the "First Battalion's Buzz."

When we take the Texas border—
Take the line that separates
Peace and plenty from disorder
And the dust of awful fates—
We will take it with red pepper,
But with very little fuss—
With an Isthmus "toot" of welcome
By the "First Battalion's Buzz."

"THE SECOND NORTH DAKOTA"

You sing of famous regiments
From other mighty states,
Where wild rose or magnolia scents
The field where Lulu waits;
But never was "relief" more awed
With welcomes, warm and sweet,
Than when the "Second N. D. Squad,"
Marched from Mercedes street.

Believe me where the wrinkles spread
Or hair is growing gray,
The magic of the "Second's" tread
Brought sunbeams into play—
They felt the home-warm fires bright;
The brilliant parlor lamp—
When the "Second North Dakota's" light
Came streaming into camp.

A mighty regiment it is
Tho' numbered only five,
They have a world-big man—"Gee Whiz!"
To keep their fame alive;
And when the border bandits hear
About our Second Bunch,
They'll sneak away with utter fear—
They know who's got the "punch."

There's Earl and William, Frank and Art,
And Grover C. on hand
Prepared to act a valiant part,
And with the heroes stand—
And when the scroll of history's writ,
Our eager eyes will see
The Second North Dakota fit
In frames of majesty.

"THE FIRST NORTH DAKOTA"

Printed boost and the far-flung praise;
Advertising to beat the band,
State Guards came with heroic lays,
Down to the Texas border land.
Three battalions entrained one day,
Fair the village,—but strange our name—
Yet now you hear some people say:
"The best of all is at the game!"

Fraine and Grafton are at the head—
War-tried "Vets" that know how to lead.
This is what General Lawton said:
"North Dakota will not stampede!"
Big and brainy and full of "pep,"
Major Henry knows what to do—
Ever the "First Battalion's" rep,
Coincides with the mighty few.

Trite this statement from May to May,
Weak the chain as the worst link cast—
But this is true—'tis true today,
Three battalions, and not one last:—
One fine major will proudly say:
"My battalion's the best in sight!"
Sure, we will let him have his way,
For all must know the major's Wright.

Third battalion—O, what of that?
Sprague is doing his very best—
But you wait, there's an acid mat,
Someone's coming to lead the rest—
Don't you worry—if war-clouds burst
In a sky that is almost fair,
You will find that "The Fighting First
North Dakota" will all be there.

WHEN THE BIRDS COME BACK

When the birds come back

Where the soft, warm breeze

Steals thru the feathery mesquite trees,

Tho our shoulders ache

And our burning feet

Measure the sod to the company street—

O, we must believe,

Tho we sweat and fuss

They are singing all beautiful songs for us;

The same that they sang

Where the mother's wait

With love in the far-off prairie-state;

And though captain's call,

And though sergeants scold,

We have marched back to the hearts of gold—

Though the drills may seem

To the major, slack—

Please, let us dream when the birds come back.

"HOME AGAIN"

It's home again, home again—
The boys would be
Father-love, mother-love—
No "reveille"—
But if there's any action
And war's in sight,
It's move the Texas border;
Its home, "Goodnight!"

It's north again, forth again
To our own State;
It's to the cozy circle,
Where sweethearts wait;
But if there's any fighting
And the call blows,
O, it's Anna, "manana,"
It's "adios."

On track again, back again
To our home town,
And no more pick and shovel—
Our skin turned brown;
But if Uncle Sammy says
"We'll soon need you"—
It is "goodbye" for Broadway—
Old town "adieu!"

It's good news—the "Border Blues"
Leaving behind
And all the drills and quinine—
Sunshine to blind—
But if dear "Old Glory" needs
Some show of speed,
It is farewell kith and kin;
It's trust and lead.

THE NOVEMBER SHAMPAIGN

We started out for war
And 'twas not long before
We sure got Hell and more—
More than we looked for:—
Breakfast at night, and dinner
Just like a dream, but thinner—
For soldier and for "skinner"
Little was cooked for.

High in the sky, the sun
Shines down on mules—a gun
Peers out from Number One
Gray army wagon.
"Skinners" are sprawled about;
Mess sergeants give a shout—
All men must eat, no doubt,
Tho' time will lag on.

Hardtack is good, perhaps,
But, to the hiking chaps,
Cornbeef and "shooting craps,"
Is not in line, O!
And when the tale is told,
"Sowbelly's" hard to hold;
Cactus—and nights so cold,
Cannot, be fine, O!

But—when the water's scarce,
The fruit of victory bears
The bitter taste—not "squares"
For barren bellies;
And, shamming war, just seems
The most absurd of schemes—
The rattlesnakes of dreams,
Like—well like Hell is,

"Big Bill" has changed his pants—
Why take so great a chance?
Rain may come, also ants—
The war is not over;
"Jones" has a winning way,
But soon, he too, must pay—
You can't be always gay—
Always in clover.

Some points you cannot see,
But in your flesh there'll be
Sandburrs and cactus tree—
Deep—and sure vicious;
But then behind the "brush,"
You can conceal a flush
Lost in the Brownsville crush—
Wild and capricious.

Will they appreciate
Good times, and what they ate,
At some near later date
Back in Mercedes
All the good picture shows?
Clean face, and cleaner clothes?
Sight of, and smiles of those
Beautiful ladies?

Oh, when real war does break,
This, will be surely "jake;"
You bet these "stunts" do make
Heroic story;
Soldiers the better trained;
Harder the goals attained;
Greater the victories gained;
Higher "Old Glory!"

THE LOST SQUAD

Swung from the brilliant Eastern Star
A crescent moon hung low;
Ten thousand weary soldiers lay
In pup-tents, row on row;
Only the guards and outposts stood
Beneath night's jewelled glow.

Only a lone squad did not come
When breakfast bugles blew:—
Far on a hill a cloud of smoke
From seven spirals grew;
A fan of brilliant colors flamed
The sun-god's first review.

Camp-fires died—long columns stood
Awaiting for the call;
The scouting units could not find
The lost squad—and the fall
Of “skinners” whips on wagon trains
Snapped loudly over all.

“Where can they be”—the captain said—
The Lieut. said, “I don't know—
Yon lone hill wears a mystic mask
Unpenetrable.”—then lo!
The winding columns moved into
The road towards the foe.

“Ah! here they come!” the tall squad rose
And answered to the hale —
The football player gained the ground—
The Corporal could not fail
To find the “bunch”—for he had dreamed
They had brought in the “mail.”

O, TEXAS LAND

O Texas Land! O Texas Land!
Your points are hard to understand.
We sit and lo!—the sandburrs pierce
Our flesh and Oh! the sitting's fierce.
We skirmish thru the brush and trees
And feel your points in all our knees.

CHORUS:

O Texas Land! O Texas Land!
We hope you don't misunderstand,
When orders came for us to go
Back to the loved home—scenes we know.
Why ringing cheers are one big plus,
And great joy thrills thru all of us.

O Texas Land! O Texas Land!
Where red ants skirmish thru the sand,
And rattlesnakes are rattling round
And soldiers sleep on bumpy ground.
Where nights are dark as dark as tar
And whiskers dim the morning star.

O Texas Land! O Texas Land!
With "Spics" and shovels—Soldiers tanned;
With cornbeef, hardtack, dust and dirt.
Where "Chiggers" liven up your shirt.
Where all the world of being shoots
Thru details, orders and salutes.

O Texas Land! O Texas Land!
As on your highest plains we stand.
We look away to our own state
And wish we soon would immigrate,
And be with wives and sweethearts true,
And all the joys that once we knew.

"OUR ARMY LAZURUS"

If our Creator wrought for
Six days to make the world;
And Lincoln bravely fought for
Four years to see unfurled
The Union Flag forever—
And if, in modern light,
Some people are too clever,
Or, are "too proud to fight"—
If these are true, the query
Arises, tho we cuss,
How long, to move, the weary—
The army Lazurus?

If it took aeons, toiling
With little cheer amid
Set times of cement boiling
To build a pyramid;
If it took years of planning
The world's great bridge to swing—
The wide deep waters spanning,
To closer cities bring;
Then what time would it take up,
And with what sergeants urge,
Our "Lazurus" to wake up
From his deep funeral dirge?

If it took months of writing,
And tons of paper, to
Make a great nation fighting,
Play "square" the game with you;—
If it took days of drilling,
And years of "watchful wait"
To do a lot of killing;
To start a lot of hate;
Then,
How long would be the mission;
How big would be the fuss
To put in real condition,
Our army Lazurus?

"BUNK FATIGUE"

After the drills and "policing,"
And after all stunts and "eats,"
He flops on his bunk and lays there,
Enjoying his best of treats;
And whether the day be dreary,
Whether the sun be bright,
The cot is his chief desire—
Measure of his delight.

And when the heavens are gloomy,
And ever the "recall" sounds—
And the silver rain is drenching
Parade and the hiking grounds,—
Oh, he may arise for dinner,
Or may not stir his feet
'Til the dusky, sawed-off bugle,
Sounds for the day's "retreat."

Worn out by his long "siestas"
The bunk may be wrent in twain,
But he does not care a fig-tree—
He'll cover it once again,—
And when a "detail" is wanted,
'Twill not be far to roam,
For he will be found asleeping—
Dreaming sweet dreams of home.

Oh, he may be young and "growing,"
Or, he may sure need the rest,—
Maybe all this bunk-fatiguing
Will count in the higher test;
And some day when there is sounded
The call, "to charge the foe"—
He may be the first and fittest,
As over the trench they go.

Rest soldier,—altho not weary;
Rest soldier,—there's much to do,
And when you are not too busy,
And not on some "grand review,"
Lie down on your cot with pleasure,
With Morpheus in league—
For cometh too soon, the dreamless—
The last long "bunk fatigue."

"THE PASSING OF DAD"

(Eva's Friend)

I have been in lots of places
And have seen a lot of faces,
And have heard a lot of people telling tales
where they have been;
And have heard a lot of stories,
And have listened to the glories
Of the past life of more "has-beens" than a lot
of other men.

When they drifted in from "Grande,"
"Dad" said "Eva" was the "candy"—
For they drifted in together "Dad" and "Eva"
side by side;
"Eva" then was convalescent,
And he only answered "Present"
When it came to soldier duty, but he was his
"Daddies" pride.

"Daddie" said he was a barber,
And no better could we harbor,
And he worked the Quartermaster and a big
"Fly" quickly rose.
If you did not start him "spieling,"
He could shave some,—soldier feeling
If he dared to move a muscle,—off would go his
blessed nose.

If you started some big story,
He would bring a greater glory
In a life so full of wonder,—“Buffalo Bill” now
gone to “rest,”
Never dared high deeds so thrilling;
Never did so much real killing;—
Never had such brain inventive,—in outclassing
“acid-test.”

He would tell you when not shaking
With the cold, or stirring, making
Hair ablutions, antiseptic,—give the roots a
second birth—
He came from a mighty nation,
And he had high education
Down at Edinburgh the famous, real brain-center
of the earth.

We must not forget to mention
His most wonderful invention,
A saddle that will fill you with deep wonderment
and awe—
Spinal curvature so truly
It reveals, tho not unduly
Creating wrong impressions by the spots it
leaveth raw.

He had been in distant places
Where the strong of scores of races
Bared the hard earth's colden glamour thru
the lure of "sour-dough;"
He had been in Tropic stations;
Had been short on tropic rations—
And had dug beneath the cactus for the gold of
Mexico.

Under General Scott he scouted;—
(Staring soldier,—can you doubt it?)
Under Pershing, famous fighter, he had been a
second Lieut.,
And knew him so intimately
That he never acted stately—
Called him "Jack," just like a brother, as they
ate the friendship fruit.

He knew also, General Lawton,
And with him he quickly caught on
All the tricks and weather knowledge of the
 best of rifle shots;
And he told a story charming
Of his way of chicken-farming—
And his island in Gulf-waters,—one of earth's
 bewitching spots.

And his classy egg-preserver
He could tell about with fervor;—
Say, the noted packing houses sure have missed
 a fortune there;—
But,—he went away one morning,
And,—let's not do any scorning—
His return—was not exquisite,—what's the use
 to make it bare?

Somewhere, olden, weary feet, Oh!—
On the road to San Benito,
Travel slowly, at the rate of, maybe four short
 miles a day;—
Eighty years is some great burden,
And for him there is no guerdon,
For he knew in all life's sowing,—he would
 reap,—ah, he would pay.



"SHINE.—NICKLEA!"

"Henricho,"—laddie,
In all the years to be,
I'll not forget the
Good shines you gave to me.
Perhaps, because you
Were such a cheerful "spick,"
Is just the reason
We never made a "kick;"—
And thru the silence
Anoisyng around,
We heard the ringing
"Shine!—Nicklea!,"—resound;
We knew, not only
You'd shine our dusty shoes,
But put on faces
A glow that would enthuse;—
And so "Henricho,"
In all the years to be,
We'll not forget your
Great shining witchery.

"GOING HOME"

I have seen the smiling faces ,
Of the children of all races

Acircling a May-pole in the sun:
Heard the rythmic notes of joy
Near a wee child's Christmas toy,

And the "hi-yi's" of a boy with a new gun:
Many lands beneath the dome
It has been my lot to roam,

Many States and tropic soils by ocean's foam:
But no voices seemed more thrilling,
Soul enrapturing or more filling,

Than the happy shouts of soldiers, "Going
Home."

I have been in fields of action
Where the mighty big attraction

Was a football game by clever rival teams:
Where the noise was sure some thunder—
Seemed to pierce the heavens yonder,

As a goal was gained by smashing, lightning
schemes:

But you bet your bottom dollar,
I have heard no sweeter holler

On the ocean,—in the air or on the loam,
Than the longing cries inspired
By the soldiers, army-tired,

And their witching, wonder-slogan, "Going
Home."

I have been in crowds where speakers
And some noted office seekers

Brought the roofs of mammoth buildings to
the ground:

To the tracks where auto-races
Pumped the cheer from thousand places—

Heard a mother when her long lost child was
found:

But you hold your last lone peso,
This is true or I'd not say so

It is written, it is great historic tome—
There was never words more sweeter,

First joy-cry or some repeater,
Than the golden, triumph-sentence "Going
Home."

"WHEN OUR BOY GETS BACK"

They'll cheer him, and feast him,
And hero him awhile;
On every door a "Welcome" sign;
On every face a smile;
But when the shouting's over—
The last car left the track,
Will some good job be there for him,
When our boy gets back.

They'll give him cakes and kisses,
And flowers sweet and fair;
And every thund'rous speaking gun
Will boom, "Old Glory" there;
But when the echoes all have died,
And dainty joy-foods slack,
Will mem'ries answer for "square meals,"
When our boy gets back.

They'll talk to him of "duty," and
Of how he "did his bit;"
Of how the clothes of honored son
On him so proudly fit;
But when the talk-fest dies, and all
The cold winds bite his back;
Will there be welcome woolens near
That our boy may lack.

Nix on free clothes, or handouts, or
A place to loaf all day;
But just a job to show that he
Can earn a decent pay;
And with your cheers as whistles "toot"
On troop trains down the track,
Hold tight that "good position" for
Our soldier-boy come back.

"GIVE IT TO RILEY"

If you have a board or two
Which you cannot use, and you
Wish to grant a favor true,
"Give it to Riley."
For as sure as night and day
He has done things without pay,
Stretched a point or two, some way
Just to help you,—soldier, say,
"Give it to Riley."

You are breaking camp, and there
Are some thing you do not care
What becomes of,—so be fair,
"Give them to Riley."
Wealth is not at his command,
Yet he sure does understand
Decency,—and heart and hand
He was with you,—so expand,
"Give them to Riley."

Life's a game of "give and take;"
He has given,—so you shake
Out a "pay-day,"—come, awake!
"Give it to Riley."
For when all is said, the sun
Shines down on your duty done—
And your surplus, there was none
So entitled, to,—no one,
But "Riley."

"MERCEDES"

Goodbye Mercedes!
Goodbye all!
Dear town of our "border" duty;
Your palms and your Southern beauty;
Your mesquite burning;
Your soldier learning;
Your alien and coyote calls;
Some hearts are grieving
But our train's leaving,
And tho a soft rain falls,
With shadows everywhere,
The car's not bare,
For ladies fair
Have left a lovable impress there,
And the flowers sweet,
And the palms above,
Are tokens bright of their depth of love
While the train moves on
The blossoms white
And red, are glowing for our delight;
Tho the town is dim
On the horizon's rim.
Sweet Memories cup is filled to the brim.

Goodbye Mercedes!
Goodbye to all
Who hold you so close
In magic thrall;
Who have suffered and joyed where your
 shadows fall;
Who counted the good—
Forgot the bad;
Who ever gave us
The best they had.
The train moves far to
The Northern snows
Good luck Mercedes,
And "Adios!"

WE'RE ON THE WAY

We're on the way in Texas Land,
Past clouds of gray and drifts of sand;
Mercedes leaving far behind,
And people who are good and kind.
We're bound for winter climate sure,
But 'cause it's home, 'tis welcome lure.

O Texas land! O Texas land!
We'll not forget your river grand;
Your cactus and your centipedes
Your wagon trains and "he-haw" steeds;
Your sunny days, and days of storm—
And "Uncle Sammie's" uniform.

Some nights perhaps in cheery rooms,
We'll gather and expel the glooms,
And tell the tales that seemeth best,—
The funny tales and leave the rest
To be forgotten, like the things
That shadow-time and sorrow brings.

We're on the way! We're on the way
To North Dakota,—there to stay,
Unless our Country calls, and we
Respond again,—and instantly—
But sure as day and sure as night
Our "Unc" must say he means to fight;
No "watchful waiting" goes next step,
It must be "clean them up with pep."

O Houston is a city great;
One of the best in Texas state;
'Tis big and cold enough 'tis true,
To calmly watch our passing thru,
And not grow wild or "throw a fit,"
As we go wandering over it;
And as we leave its suburbs dark,
The world goes on,—the train and spark.

We pass the plains and towns so small,
It rains and then, sun shines o'er all;
Gray fir trees fly and red sand heaps—
While some "off guardsman" soundly sleeps;
Mesquite and dead limbs swiftly pass,
And Jersey cows and country lass—
While soldiers read and wait for mess,
Then water tanks are filled, I guess.

We're on the way! We're on the way
By cotton fields and rice and hay;
The boys are playing "Cribbage" and
Awaiting for the next command,
Which sure will be an airing free
At Smithville on the "K & T;"
The band does play and towards the dome
All songs arise, "We're going home."

We stopped at Muskogee, and there
We found the girlies, Oh!—so fair—
Some friends of old when we passed thru
To paint the border colors true;
And others who were just as sweet,
With witching smiles and dainty feet.
Oh, Muskogee, of beauty rare!
Oh, Muskogee,—our hearts are there!
Tho in our home towns we would be;
The come-back tickets,—Muskogee.

The nights are getting colder, and
Steam heaters are in great demand;
But in the cars they are so small,
They do not warm us much at all;
And when at Parsons, Colonel, he
Stood up in all his majesty,
And said, "We stay right here, until
We've steam enough to fill the bill
To keep my boys all warm at night!"
And you bet he won out, all right;
The engine came,—the cars were warm;—
A real man was in uniform.

We're on the way! We're on the way!
Sedalia was no place to play;
But many boys got off and hiked
Long blocks to find a place they liked;
And found the place, and had some eats,
And then marched back thru dusky streets,
Some towns do seem so dead and dark,
They ought to fence them round, and mark
Upon each gate-post, "Rest in Peace!"
"O stranger from all clamour cease!"

Oh, Moberly seemed just as bad;
But Woolworth found it just as sad,
And put bright color on his store—
His clerks respond with colors more—
Oh, dreary town! Oh, weary town,
With mark-down sales up street and down—
But then perhaps we'll not forget
The school-girls who came down, and let
The boys review real loveliness—
Real social sweetness in short dress.

We're on the way—we bid "Goodbye"
To "Katy" here, and now we lie
On Wabash lines, and hope to find
The snowbanks on both sides outlined;
And sure enough, when morning broke,
The snow was there,—and 'twas no joke—
But "Captain Bob" got on, and lo!
'Twas Spring again where flowers blow—
And old-time memories, happily
Run thru the train like magicry.

At Marshalltown the temperature
Was ten above,—real freezing sure;
But then the atmosphere was dry,
And really sweet to breathe—Oh, my!
And tho the business part of town
Stretched far away, and up and down,
The boys enjoyed real sport and sang
While all the little joy-bells rang.

We're on the way. We're on the way!
The snow is two feet deep—some say;
And by snow-fences deeper still
A hay-stack is a white-capped hill;
And everywhere where people go,
It seems some one has shoveled snow,
Big Albert Lea was home all right;
His door was open wide that night
His daughters fair were at the train
With welcomings, and "Come again!"

We're on the way,—sweet dreams are ours;
No "reveille," and home sweet flowers
With faces dear,—and then there boomed
Loud voices, and we soon were doomed
To rise with speed and quickly dress—
Leave all ablutions and our "mess,"
And empty cars and find a place
Near wee Fort Snelling's ancient base—
Kitchens and rooms to rest and shout,
Until we all were mustered out.

Settled at last, and snug and warm,
Unless we wish to breast the storm—
The storm of snow and winds that bite
To see St. Paul, and friends that might
Be glad to show their soldier friend
Where all the witching colors blend
With out-door sports, and brilliant streets;
Bright light parades and daring feats;
Where young and old all enter in,
The spirit of "joytime" to win;
And who can doubt with great emprise
And dazzling queens, where vict'ry lies.

And "Minnie," ay, with wholesome grace;
We find love-welcomes in her face,
And generous friends and times so sweet,
We wish we always could repeat:
Some one has said, "Magnificent
The distances," we knew he meant
"Fort Snelling," but we'll let that pass,
Some day we'll visit it when grass
Grows all around, and "Reveille,"
Don't sound for you,—don't sound for me.

THE PROPHET

With vision and with music he will say,
"The hours, and months, and years to come
will be

Surcharged with kings of Opportunity;
With tasks of mountain-height and giant way;
With great souls building for the great souls'
Day—

Trite, shattered chains, and world-wide Liberty
For mortal worth, and mortal mastery
Where all the waves of being rise and sway."

And you will take his hand and help the world
Move onward, star-ward, love-ward,—know the
light

Grow brighter, and the fragrance of Good-will
Blow softly thru all doors, and see unfurled
The flags of Faith and Friendship,—hear the
white

Bugle of Beauty sounding sweetly still.

"America First"

Real, red-blooded, practical, loyal Americanism,—that is what the Senate and the House of Representatives must have now in the most critical period in our Nation's life.

"Safety-first", flesh-pots of home,—partisanism and me-first loyalty are very low measurements when the call comes to stand by the President and acid-test Americanism.

No man should ever be put up by any party to hold the First office in the Land,—a place in the Halls of Congress, or any office of whatever calibre, if his American patriotism is at all questioned.

This is the only hyphenated title we should ever go under,—that is, pro-American, first, last and all the time, and especially and emphatically in this year of our Lord, 1917, your vigilance, and unswerving devotion to "Old Glory" mean so much to the future liberties of the tiny tots within your keeping.

You cannot be less loyal than those indomitable patriots who made this Land of Freedom possible, and play square with the generations of the past, the present, or the future.

"America First."

“The Acid Test”

My Country first of all,—even during election year. Not my job, but my loyalty to my Flag. Not partisanism and selfishness but unswerving allegiance to exalted standards. Not the bubble, the mask and the petty power of poodle-dog politics but the predominating proofs of peace-preserving, purifying patriotism. Not a retrogression, a going back, but a moving up,—an unflinching advance for the most perfect civilization.

The “acid test,”—the measure of a man,—superior statesmanship or stupendous stupidity.

Not the unspiced soup on the slimy lower levels, but the splendid immolation of the masterful soul. Not a gelatinate, shadow-dodging camp-follower, but the uplifted, beautiful Banner of the unafraid. Not the fear-furrowed backward glances to the unpledged, trouble-plotting, hyphenated hosts and the measly wage, but the firm-footed, forward-facing fealty to the stainless Emblem on the shining hills.

The “acid test” and the full-statured man, or the rippleless vasts of Lethe’s never-opening tombs.

The door is closed.

“Forward - March!”

March is the windy, shadow-full valley between the snowy peaks of winter and the fragrant meadows of spring. There are no terminals there, and so for you and for me, and for the transient guest, it is “Forward, March.”

On the sea and beneath, on the land and in the air, there is stir and change,—parrying, and blow for blow. Do not be surprised, great things will happen,—there will be tests of strength and endurance,—there are indomitable calls for undebatable supremacy and overtowering goal-attainment. There is the urge and the surge and the tremendous clash of faith-armored and death-determined wills. It is the onward, ever forward march. It is breast to breast and the fruitage and the visions of the victor, or the last inch lightning-stroke to monumental dissolution.

Forward are the luminous heights, the sparkling waters near the habitations of peace, goblets of sunshine and granaries of gathered grain. Behind, the lost hopes, the perished pride,—the dust of sacrifice, the bursted bubble and the closed gate.

March,—the mightily moving, menacing, mysterious, magical, medicant month. The bull’s-eye of the whirlwind,—the sexton of the unfit.

March!





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